

THE

# QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



—Acme Photo

## CASABLANCA PRESS CONFERENCE

President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill meet with the correspondents following their precedent-shattering conference at Casablanca.

25 Cents

FEBRUARY 1943

# THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



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## AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

SOME weeks ago when we were reading and greatly enjoying Robert J. Casey's "I Can't Forget" (Bobbs-Merrill), relating something of his personal experiences as a war correspondent in France, Luxembourg, Germany, Belgium, Spain and England, we were greatly surprised to run across this paragraph:

"Every hundred years or so an unseen thread stretched through the blackness from a mud pie to the trigger of a land mine. Every hundred years or so a wet and glassy-eyed youth with a bayonet in nervous hands stood examining credentials that he seemed afraid to read. . . ."

We read the lines over again—then again. Surely he meant to say "every hundred yards or so . . . , etc."

MAYBE rambling Bob Casey meant to write it "years," but we don't think so. It looks more like one of those typos that persistently bob up to plague writers, copyreaders and editors—for the same error, "years" for "yards" has appeared before in various places.

How well we recall one of them! Back in November, 1930, Franklin M. Reck, then assistant managing editor and later managing editor of the beloved and lamented *American Boy* magazine, wrote a most interesting article for THE QUILL on mistakes that are made by authors and that sometimes slip past the editor.

"There are the errors that occur when the professional writer ventures into unfamiliar territory," he related. "One of the best known nature writers in the country once tried his hand at a football story. . . ."

Frank then went on to explain how the nature writer hadn't seen a game since 1900, had a touchdown count five points, and, for the smashing climax, had the home team hero dropkick the winning points from the 40-yard line, over near the sidelines.

"With the goal posts 10 yards back and the kicker 10 yards behind the line of scrimmage . . .," Frank said, in commenting on the error, "such a kick might be possible but not exactly probable."

WE didn't notice that "10 yards behind the line of scrimmage until the magazine was in type. Then, with that sinking feeling you get, we spotted it. No alibi for such a mistake—for we'd muffed it—but we curiously looked up the copy to see if that's what Frank had said. It was!

It had gotten by him in his reading of the article after he had written it; got by Ye Editor in his alleged copyreading;

[Concluded on page 18]





—Acme Photo

War correspondents in North Africa are pictured above pounding out their stories of the unprecedented meetings between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill at Casablanca following the press conference that ended the 10-day meeting. C. R. Cunningham, United Press correspondent who tells the correspondents' story in the accompanying article, is second from the left.

## Covering the Casablanca Conference

BY C. R. CUNNINGHAM

**N**OTHING short of a city editor's nightmare could parallel the situation in North Africa on Jan. 22 and 23.

Allied planes were blasting Bizerte and Sicily. Allied land forces were battering at the Axis defenses of Tunisia. At Casablanca, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill were engaged in one of the most important conferences of the war.

And, almost to a man, American and British correspondents responsible for the coverage of these events were ambling through the zoo in the Sultan's palace at Rabat.

I was one of that group of newspapermen, and I must confess that as I watched the antics of an orangoutang on Saturday there was some question in my mind as to which of us belonged in the cage. For I knew, as we all knew, that big events were afoot.

The sight-seeing trip which took us to Rabat was one of a number of maneuvers by Army Public Relations and G-2 (Military Intelligence) which combined to make that historic meeting between the heads of the United States and British governments one of the best kept secrets of the war.

**T**WENTY-FOUR British and American correspondents and 15 press and movie cameramen had been rounded up in Algiers on Jan. 21. When we were assembled we were told simply:

"There is a pretty big yarn coming up which will tie you up for a few days. If you're interested, we will arrange your transportation. Only one man will be

taken from each news service or newspaper, American or British."

That was the first definite intimation we had had that there was something to a flurry of rumors that had been circulating for several days. Every man eligible for the trip requested transportation, but every man had a different version of the nature of the story he was going to cover.

Press arrangements for the Casablanca conference were directed by Lieut.-Col. Joseph B. Phillips, on leave from his post as managing editor of *Newsweek*. And to him should go much of the credit for the smooth handling of the advance arrangements and the efficient dispatching of the deluge of copy which poured from the typewriters of the Casablanca press delegation.

**H**OW would you have liked to have been assigned to cover the biggest story of the year, one of the most significant of World War II?

Only a few could have that privilege, but you can share the experience in this eyewitness account from one of the men who participated—C. R. Cunningham, United Press Staff Correspondent.

But for a time, on the afternoon of Thursday, Jan. 21, he was anything but the favorite of the correspondents.

After flying to Casablanca with hopes and speculations high, we were met by Phillips with the disappointing announcement:

"Sorry, boys, but that story we brought you down here to cover failed to jell."

**AS** we later learned, the Roosevelt-Churchill conference with the press originally was scheduled for Friday. We had been brought into Casablanca only a few hours before the expected departure of the two heads of government. Then, at the last minute, the talks were extended and the press conference delayed.

And so it was that the press was escorted, in a body, on a sight-seeing trip that wound up with a visit to the orangoutang in the zoo of the Sultan's palace at Rabat.

At the time of our arrival in Casablanca, the townspeople already were circulating a wide assortment of rumors and Phillips decided on the junket to Rabat as a means of allaying public suspicions as to what was going on.

After the press party shepherded by Col. Phillips had left Casablanca, Walter Logan, another United Press Staff Correspondent, turned up in the city quite unexpectedly and unannounced. His correspondent's insignia prompted scores of people to volunteer information that barbed wire barricades surrounded a certain area of the city's beautiful residential section; that extra shifts of guards were doing 24-hour duty and that no one could

approach the district without "all sorts of passes." Hotel employees told him that guests had been moved out of 50 rooms to make way for residents of villas which had been vacated.

**LOGAN** went to work in earnest to try to dig out the facts. He asked questions of every possible source of information and did his best to check the welter of rumors. Finally his efforts became so persistent that he was called to G-2 headquarters and warned bluntly that he would be shot if he approached a certain villa.

"After that," he told me later, "my behavior became circumspect."

Possibly as a reward for his "circumspect behavior," Logan was permitted to accompany the presidential party on the commander-in-chief's "jeep" review of American troops at Lyautey. His story, released with news of the conference, was pooled for all American press services.

The correspondents accredited to Phillips were returned to Casablanca Saturday night. We were kept in the hotel until the hour of the press conference—noon Sunday.

**NOT** until we were ushered into the presence of the President and Prime Minister in the sun-drenched courtyard of a lovely villa did we know definitely the nature of our assignment. The conference opened on the dot at noon, and for nearly two hours we took notes as the two United Nations leaders outlined the discussions had and the decisions reached.

The President and Prime Minister met the press in the rear garden of a large villa at the outskirts of Casablanca. The area for blocks around was jammed with troops and bristling with anti-aircraft guns and barbed wire. Fighter planes roared overhead in a continuous patrol. We were seated on the grass or on flagstones at the feet of Roosevelt and Churchill, both of whom remained seated throughout the long conference. Giraud and deGaulle also were seated.

First came the business of taking news pictures, and President Roosevelt asked deGaulle and Giraud to pose shaking hands. The two French leaders struck a traditional stance. The photographers asked for "One more?" and the President said: "Okay, boys, but this will have to be the last one."

**WHILE** the press conference was under way, a few correspondents attempted to edge closer to the President's chair, but were promptly shooed away. Both men were friendly and informal in their discussions of the background and accomplishments of their 10-meeting. We had been instructed, before the conference began, to ask no questions, and that request was complied with scrupulously.

As soon as the conference on the villa lawn ended, we were ushered into a conference room in which members of the Allied staff had held their meetings. We were given several hours in which to write our stories and prepare them for dispatch by ferry plane.



**C. R. Cunningham**

Accompanying the first AEF of World War II on its arrival in Northern Ireland was United Press Staff Correspondent C. R. Cunningham, who, until being accredited to the AEF, had followed war developments from the United Press news desk in New York.

Cunningham, who was among the first group of reporters to be assigned to an American expeditionary force in this war, was born in Findlay, O., and served an apprenticeship on Ohio newspapers before joining the UP staff in Cleveland in 1931. He had been stationed in the New York bureau from 1935 through 1941.

Cunningham's Irish name and antecedents proved particularly suitable for a correspondent accredited to an armed force sent to Ireland. But that was coincidence. When he sailed with the second AEF from a United States port he, in common with the soldiers, knew nothing of his destination.

Possibly still in company with some of the soldiers with whom he reached Ireland in 1941, Cunningham was among the five United Press correspondents to accompany U. S. forces in the first landings in North Africa. He has been assigned to the coverage of Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters since that campaign opened.

The handling of our dispatches by Col. Phillips and his assistants was well planned and proved highly effective in expediting the speedy flow of the news to home offices in New York and London.

**COL. PHILLIPS** and another officer left Casablanca with the dispatches late Sunday in separate planes. This was done partly as a precaution against one of the planes being shot down by the enemy and also to assure the fastest possible transmission.

Phillips intended to fly direct to London while the other officer was scheduled to go to Gibraltar. However, bad weather forced Phillips to stop off at Gibraltar where he found an open cable available to New York. Concerned that he might

be delayed in reaching London, Phillips started at once to file the biggest story of 1943 to news agency and newspaper desks in the United States. At 2:30 p. m. on Monday, Jan. 25, the copy began moving, prefaced with this message from Phillips:

"Arriving Gibraltar with important stories your and other correspondents find direct file to New York faster than via London. Am filing both ways for London backstop. You have no collect facilities for New York but cable accepted on my assurance you will pay."

**THE** dispatches from Gibraltar were accompanied by a warning to New York cable editors which read:

"It is the expressed wish of the President and Prime Minister that care should be exercised to observe release time of following stories. Release time is 0200 Greenwich Mean Time (10:00 p.m. EWT), Wednesday, Jan. 27, for press and radio."

For 30 hours, with only such interruptions as were necessary for transmission of government and military priority messages, the copy poured out of Gibraltar and into press offices in the United States.

When the file was complete, Col. Phillips estimated that the total output of the 24 correspondents who covered the conference exceeded 75,000 words.

The Editor's Hall of Fame of the Illinois Press Association is now permanently housed in Gregory Hall, home of the University of Illinois School of Journalism, F. S. Siebert, director of the School, has announced.

The Hall, consisting of nine bronze busts of famous Illinois editors and valued at more than \$20,000, had been housed in the University auditorium since the Hall's dedication in the fall of 1930. Seven of the busts have been placed in the main corridor of the ground floor of Gregory Hall and the other two occupy permanent positions near the stairways on the second floor.

Included in the Hall of Fame at the present time are the busts of Victor F. Lawson, great publisher-editor of the *Chicago Daily News*; Joseph M. Medill, publisher-editor of the *Chicago Tribune*; Elijah Parish Lovejoy, martyred anti-slavery editor of the *Alton Observer*; Henry Wilson Clendenin, pioneer editor of the *Illinois State Register*; David Wright Barkley, editor of the *Wayne County Press*, the model country newspaper of Southern Illinois in the '80's; William Osborne Davis, publisher-editor of a distinguished community daily, the *Bloomington Pantagraph*; Melville E. Stone, first general manager of the *Associated Press*; Edward W. Scripps, founder of the *United Press*, Scripps-Howard enterprises, and patron of Science Service; and Henry M. Pindell, editor-statesman of the *Peoria Journal and Transcript*.

**EDWARD CODEL** (Minnesota '36) is general manager of the Atlantic Coast Network, Inc., with offices in New York City.



# One Strike — and You're Out!



George Leighty

**T**HE world does not contain a more disgruntled animal than a man on strike; a more wary creature than a capitalist's public relations supervisor; nor a more downright suspicious organism than a managing editor confronted with a story of a strike.

This is because it is exceedingly difficult to explain in public print how 5000 workers became dissatisfied enough to stop working, and, at the same time, explain the employer's point of view, accomplishing both in such a manner that both employer and employee won't chase you up the street the next day with meat cleavers.

In fact, the reporter who can write any sort of a strike story whatever, and not cause exponents of both capital and labor to toss a few quart-sized bombs at the paper's plant the following night, is practically a genius.

**T**HE first strike story I ever covered (or helped to cover, I should say) was at a large tannery where about 2000 men and women were employed. As will be seen, this was back in the days when I was young and innocent. However, my job was to stay at the picket line and telephone in from time to time.

The office handled the inside angles, contacting the tannery management and the central labor office, where formal statements were issued on behalf of the strikers.

My position should be apparent to anybody who has lived long enough to know better than to prod a hornet's nest with an umbrella. The state of affairs at the picket line was virtually static, only a minor fight breaking out from time to time, so the office was forced to confine its story to terse statements issued by both sides.

I might add that the precariousness of

*No One Loves an Umpire, or, It Seems, a Paper Covering Capital-Labor Row*

BY GEORGE LEIGHTY

my health could be calculated in ratio to the terseness of the statements issued by the plant management.

**E**ARLY on the morning of my second day at the picket line I became uncomfortably aware that I was the subject of a dark conclave being held by a group of strikers. They eyed me furtively, some gesturing meanfully. Their actions were such that even a young reporter's gigantic conceit was not enough to give assurance that they approved of me.

Headed by two bruiser-like leaders, the clump moved toward me. One of the head men carried a copy of my paper.

"You work for this blankety-damned bastardly sheet?" he said, waving it under my nose.

Suddenly I perceived a plausible way out. My paper was a member of the *Associated Press* and we were relaying the strike news to the association. I reduced this situation to its least common denominator.

"Well, not exactly," I replied happily, "I'm here for the *Associated Press*."

"That's a lot of bull!" my accuser said with heat. "Charlie, here, says he's seen you at this bladder's stinking office."

"Oh, sure! Sure! I work out of that news office, but everything I get here goes to the *Associated Press*."

**M**Y confidence grew as I expanded my half-truth into a glowing lie, but I noticed with comfort that a group of deputy sheriffs were in conference a few feet away.

"Aw, let's take him and stop horsing around!" urged a voice from the ranks.

"Just exactly what's wrong here?" I ventured hopefully. "If you're objecting to something in that paper, maybe we

can straighten it out? If you've got something to say, I'm sure they'll print it."

"This write-up says our demands are unreasonable."

Well, that was the size of it. The article merely quoted the plant manager, who had said that no settlement was possible "as long as the unreasonable demands of the employees continue." This, however, was followed by a statement from the president of the tannery employees' union and wound up with an outline of the union's demands. I hadn't written the story, had had, in fact, nothing to do with it, but I judged it to be a masterly attempt to please both sides.

"The story doesn't say your demands are unreasonable," I countered. "The story says the plant manager calls your demands unreasonable."

"Yeah, putting out what he said first! Why don't they put out what we said first?" This from a voice in the ranks.

There was no answer to this. To have explained that the plant manager's statement was the obvious lead for the story would have been like casting rhetoric at an angry lion. I did make a feeble effort to convince the men that the paper was trying to be hairsplittingly fair. While thus engaged I noticed that the crowd began to lose interest in lynching me.

**T**HE incident occurred when I was very young, as I said, but it illustrates the position of a newspaper when it tangles with a story involving a war between capital and labor. No matter how tireless the effort to observe strict fairness, the paper is behind the eight-ball at the outset.

It is not revealing a secret to say that the average daily newspaper has frequently been pictured as an overfat swine

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**N**EWSPAPERS and newspapermen have learned in recent years the difficulty of trying to present fair and impartial news accounts when strikes or other differences between capital and labor arise. No matter how careful a paper may try to be in giving each side a chance to present its point of view, it is likely to find itself pleasing neither.

George Leighty, who treats of the problem in the accompanying article, is state editor of the Alton (Ill.) Evening Telegraph. He offers no remedy—no 100 per cent perfect plan for presenting the news in a capital-labor row—merely reports in lively fashion on a situation all-too-frequent and all-too-painful in these times.

Six Million Young Newspaper Readers Have Made "Uncle



Ramon Peyton Coffman

Known affectionately as "Uncle Ray" by millions of Young Americans.

**T**HE PIED PIPER OF OLD was a mere amateur in his influence over children if you compare him with Ramon Peyton Coffin, more affectionately known as "Uncle Ray," founder and author of "Uncle Ray's Corner."

Six million children follow this modern Pied Piper every day in more than a hundred newspapers throughout the United States and Canada. Half a million boys and girls clip his articles for their scrapbooks, and flood him with 50,000 letters annually.

For 17 years Uncle Ray's Corner has appeared in newspapers, competing successfully with the most sensational of our "funnies." Uncle Ray realizes that young minds want more than entertainment—that they crave knowledge, too. So he writes of science, history, travel, and great men in a simple, direct, clear style that any reader between the ages of 8 and 16 can understand and enjoy.

His column has been voted by children "the most valuable of all newspaper features" and has been hailed by parents as "something really worthwhile in the newspaper for children."

**U**NCLE RAY is a man any child would be proud to have as a real uncle. He loves children and nature. If you should wander down Wood Lane, Shorewood Hills, past his beautiful home on the wooded banks of Lake Mendota, Madison, Wis., you might hear his mellow voice as he tells his own three boys, or his real nieces and nephews, or an audience of neighbors' children about the frightened chipmunk that just scampered away, or perhaps the fiery oriole that flashed through the underbrush.

Or, if you should wander down Wood Lane late some night, you might hear the staccato fire of a typewriter and see a

# Pied Piper of the

BY ROLAND I. PERUSSE

bright light shining from the second-story window of a small square building next to his home. Uncle Ray would be in his studio den pounding far into the night on his portable. Perhaps he is writing of the Stone Age era, or the Punic Wars, or the Canada lynx, or perhaps of the alchemists of the Middle Ages.

Like all newspapermen, Uncle Ray has a great respect for his deadline. All his copy is written for Publishers Syndicate in Chicago from two to five weeks in advance of publication date. Pictures for his articles are prepared principally by Frank C. Papé, the renowned English artist who illustrated the works of Anatole France. In spite of the war, Pape still sends his drawings by Atlantic Clipper plane to Uncle Ray in America.

Newspapers receive about a month's supply of articles in advance, each marked with a release date. Editors buy the feature just as they would buy a regular news press service. Uncle Ray treats each week as a unit, writing perhaps about Stanley's expedition in Africa for one week and popular indoor games for the next.

**I**N response to requests by children for information on China, Japan, the Philippines, and other Pacific areas since the outbreak of war with Japan, Uncle Ray plans to write again about these countries.

Because he felt that the Japanese were unpopular in America, he has rarely written about that country since he published a series of articles in 1938 following a visit there. Uncle Ray avoids writing about war, but he attempts to time his articles to coincide with a nation's entry into the war so that children will have

background material when their interest is highest.

Articles on Holland and Belgium appeared four days before those countries were invaded; the Philippine Islands were treated early last year; and articles on Burma and Korea appeared shortly after Japanese forces attacked Pearl Harbor.

**H**OW did you first get interested in this work?" is a question often asked Uncle Ray and his reply is novel and interesting.

"A little brown-eyed Kentucky girl about eight years old really started me off," he declares. "I was 19 years old, traveling from Wisconsin to New Haven, and this smiling youngster was my cheerful companion.

I showed her how to tell time by my watch. The Roman numerals were unfamiliar to her, so I taught her how to read them. All the while her big brown eyes were focused upon me in attention, and to my amazement, when I had finished she gave the whole talk back to me in almost the identical words I had used."

**E**DUATED at Yale and the School of Journalism, University of Wisconsin, Ramon Coffman became an instructor at Newark Academy and Tome School for boys in Maryland.

While teaching, his dormant ambition to write for children was renewed when he observed the shortcomings of many textbooks; their dry, often obtuse, approach to history, geography, and science.

He resolved that some day he would give boys and girls the key to the field of knowledge, presenting his facts in a way they could understand and enjoy. Later

**H**ERE is a friendly and informative article revealing the conception, growth and development of one of journalism's best-known and best-loved features—"Uncle Ray's Corner"—plus a pen sketch of its creator, Ramon Peyton Coffman.

The author of the article, Roland I. Perusse, is better known to his associates in the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin and the Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, as "Rip," from his initials. A senior, he is qualifying for an Army Air Forces ground crew post while completing his journalistic work. He is a varsity track and cross country runner.

Perusse, a sports writer and columnist for the Daily Cardinal, has been the recipient of \$800 in non-resident tuition scholarships from the university. He had sold feature articles to both newspapers and magazines during his undergraduate years.



# Ray" Coffman a Real Press!

he worked as reported and copy reader on a Milwaukee newspaper. One day, when he heard that the managing editor planned to conduct a children's department, he made an appeal which started him off on his career as a children's author.

"Why not appeal to children of reading age?" he pleaded. "Little tots may like bedtime stories, but boys and girls from 8 to 16 can not be expected to follow them with interest. They want to learn about real things. They would enjoy true stories of history, if written in an understandable way. H. G. Wells has made a great success of his 'Outline of History' for adults—why not tell the history of the human race for children?"

A two-column children's department was launched, and in it first appeared the name, "Uncle Ray." Immediately the newspaper was deluged by letters from children, declaring that they "just loved" Uncle Ray's stories, and from parents who appreciated the fact that "at last newspapers are giving our children something besides comics."

WITH the co-operative help of Harry Grant, publisher of the Milwaukee Journal, and others on the staff, the 25-year-old writer established the Uncle Ray Syndicate and began "The Child's Story of the Human Race," as a syndicated feature. It has since been published in book form and reprinted nine times, and 40,000 copies of each of the two volumes have been sold.

The *New York Times* shows its appreciation for this work:

"Lucky are the boys and girls of today who can learn the history of mankind through such a readable volume as Ramon Coffman's 'The Child's Story of the Human Race.' The time was when Dickens' 'Child History of England' was considered an excellent book for children—the difference between it and Mr. Coffman's work shows something of the vast advance which has been made in knowledge of children's minds, and of what in history is important."

Oddly enough, the foreign country in which the book has enjoyed most popularity has been Japan, and until that nation declared war on the United States, Uncle Ray received several letters each week from Japanese admirers.

In addition, Uncle Ray is the author of "Age of Discovery," "New World Settlement," "Growth of the Colonies," "Founding the Republic," "Advancing the Frontier," "Our America," "Uncle Ray's Story of the United States," "The Child's Story of Science," and "Uncle Ray's Story of the Stone Age People." The first five of these are in constant use as supplement-

Uncle Ray gives stories of Science, Nature, History, Travel, Biography and Adventure.

## Uncle Ray's Corner

Save Uncle Ray's stories every day of the week and you can make a valuable scrapbook.

### Pilgrim's Medicine Helped Chief Massasoit Recovery

THE VILLAGE of Plymouth was the first successful settlement of whites in the part of the United States known as "New England." One reason for its success was the good will of nearby Indians, and among those Indians the chieftain called Massasoit was a special friend.

One day sad news came to Plymouth. Massasoit, it was learned, was sick and was likely to die. At the same time, word came that a Dutch ship had been driven close to shore, and could not get free until the tide rose again.

The governor of Plymouth wanted to send a message to the Dutch, and also desired to help the sick chief. Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrims, was asked to make a trip to take care of both things. With him went another Englishman and an Indian guide.

#### Found Dutch Vessel Gone

Winslow and his companions found the Dutch vessel gone, but they hurried on to the Indian village where Massasoit lay ill. The chief's hut was so crowded that the white men could hardly enter. Six or eight women were rubbing his arm and legs "to keep heat in him." Medicine men, or "pow-wows," were trying their charms, and were making a frightful

"the white men entered  
"toll over the place."  
"asked Mas-

"said



Puritan settlers landing on the coast of Boston Bay.

Massasoit soon became quite well, and said, "As long as I live, I shall never forget this kindness." The other white men with a feast, and that they could steal it, and did so quite often. Under the cover of darkness, they would go to places where Indians had stoves and do the robbing. You may be sure that the Indians became angry.

"I trade with you any  
"You cannot  
"after

"Oh, we are not afraid of them," was the reply. "They come to our village sometimes, and there is no quarreling."

"I hope you have no reason to fear," said Standish, but he believed an attack was sure.

Before long, certain Indians came boldly into the white men's quarters and were allowed to sharpen their knives. One Indian was known as Wi-tu-wa-mat. He was a large, hardy fellow, and boasted that he had killed white men in battle. He said that they had died "crying like children." This warrior then spoke of his knife.

Shortly afterward, a little trouble with Indians in that area did develop, but it was of no special importance. There was to be no extensive warfare between whites and Indians so long as Chief Massasoit lived.

The Boston Bay settlement (which proved a failure) must not be confused with the village of Boston, which was started a few years later.

Boston was at first just one of several small towns near the coast, but it became the capital of the colony of Massachusetts. It grew to be much larger than Plymouth.

Cambridge was a village near Boston, and there the colonists started a college. The general council voted a sum equal to about \$1,200 for a college, "so the light of learning might not go out." John Harvard, a minister, willed twice as much toward founding a college, and his money was combined with the amount voted. The college was called Harvard in the minister's honor. For 200 years, the expenses of the college were paid chiefly by public taxes.

Uncle Ray

This illustration shows a typical release of "Uncle Ray's Corner."

tary history readers in many elementary and high schools.

WHEN asked to state his objectives, Uncle Ray replies:

"I try to enrich the minds of growing boys and girls by giving them interesting, worthwhile material that will broaden their outlook; I want to give them facts they can ultimately use. I try to stimulate

their intellectual curiosity, and I try to influence without moralizing."

He has reached that goal. He knows how to humanize history, how to make it glow with life and meaning. He has a rare gift of making learning a pleasure. He does not talk down to his readers; neither does he sugar-coat unpleasant truths. His articles are short, entertaining, informative, charming.

A distinguished professor of education, Thomas Lloyd Jones, said to him one day:

"You do not preach; you do not moralize. You give the child the stones with which to build his own masonic."

Paul Bellamy, editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, wrote to him:

"You have developed a fine sense of language. You do not write over the heads of children, nor do you patronize. You invest characters with a vivid personality of their own."

UNCLE RAY is undoubtedly the best-known and most widely read children's author on the American continent today. In more than five and one-half million homes he is a daily visitor, a counselor, and friend.

His articles are posted on bulletin boards, used for classroom discussions, embodied in school textbooks. His influence is profound in moulding the minds of tomorrow's leaders, for the whole world is his classroom and all American youth are his pupils.



Roland I. Perusse

Who treats of the journalistic trail to learning blazed by "Uncle Ray."

WENDELL KNOWLES (Iowa '40) is in the personnel department, Northwest Airways, Minneapolis, Minn.



Richard J. Beamish

Whose advice to a young newspaperman friend probably will interest many other newspapermen now in the service.

**Y**OU ask me for advice as to your future reading and training to prepare you for a career.

You are in the Army and, of course, the winning of the war will be your main objective until this emergency is over. You have advanced rapidly to your rank of technical sergeant. I think I know you pretty well through our contacts when you as a reporter came to me for news of regulatory matters with which this Commission and various Federal Commissions were concerned.

If I were 50 years younger and in your shoes, I would use your newspaper training as a basis for life work in the public service. I would add to that newspaper experience a practical education in law or accounting or engineering. With such equipment you will be well fitted as a valuable public servant in any state or federal commission.

I am giving you this advice because, in my judgment, the United States after this war will be largely run by administrative bodies which will regulate more closely than ever before the activities of utilities of every character in the interest of the consuming public.

**T**HE tremendous sums already spent and still to be spent by the Federal Government will cut down private fortunes and will turn microscopes upon the sources and objectives of these fortunes. The Federal Government and the states will need the services of trained, honest men and women who will be content with salaries adequate for the maintenance of their families and security in a moderate degree for their dependents.

That is where you will come in, you and many thousands like you who will be satisfied with moderate incomes and the feeling that you are serving your country and your fellow citizens.

## To a Newspaperman Friend Now With the Armed Forces

BY RICHARD J. BEAMISH

Public Service has never been much of a career in the United States. It has been cluttered up with politics and the financial temptations offered by the service of fat cats whose interests in too many cases were opposed to the interests of the public.

**N**EWSPAPERMEN, especially, have been too prone to look up to the well-battered jobs of utility press agents and the stratospheric fortunes of the Insulls, Hopsons, and the other babies who transmuted charters and the public utility certificates into mountains of loot.

If you will have as your ideals real public servants such as Robert E. Healey of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Leon Henderson, formerly of the Office of Price Administration, and others like them who have made public service their careers, you will be helping yourself to a lifetime of satisfaction and useful service.

**A**BOVE everything else, I counsel you to be independent in judgment and action. Politics for its own sake is no career for a young American of today. Public service is your ticket. You won't be rich but neither you nor your children will be ashamed. You can sleep nights and above everything else you will fear nobody.

I have always thought the old motto

"Ich dien," "I serve," is one of the finest on earth.

You can bank on this, the day of Insulls and the Hopsons has passed in America, and it will never return. We may have an urge to return to "normalcy," as Harding phrased it, but it will soon pass.

DR. RALPH O. NAFZIGER and DR. RALPH D. CASEY, members of the University of Minnesota journalism faculty, returned to Minneapolis for full term teaching after service in the Office of War Information, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Nafziger's outstanding work was as the chief of the media division of the Office of Facts and Figures and later the OWI. When the nation entered the war, Dr. Nafziger was given the task of organizing this division and he built this unit from a handful of trained specialists to a staff of 60 experts. His staff organized from week to week, newspapers, magazines, radio commentary, news reel subject matter, cartoons and pictorial art. These reports went to the White House, the State Department, War and Navy departments, and other war agencies.

Dr. Casey's assignment in Washington was to study the various press intelligence services and to make recommendations that would lead to their more effective unification. This required an investigation of the former press intelligence division of the former Office of Government Reports.

**M**ANY a young newspaperman now in the Armed Forces has, no doubt, considered what his future course should be once the evil forces of Hitler, Hirohito and (Me Too!) Mussolini have been routed.

Should he complete his journalistic work at college, if uncompleted? Should he return to the city room; try to get a small paper of his own or seek a post with a metropolitan newspaper or magazine? Should he enter some other field where his journalistic training will serve him in good stead?

Richard J. Beamish, member of the Pennsylvania Public Utility Commission, former newspaperman, author and attorney, suggests in this brief article, written originally to a young newspaperman now in the service, that the field of public service offers opportunities to a young man journalistically trained.

Mr. Beamish, whose father was owner and editor of the Scranton (Pa.) Free Press, taught school, studied law, was admitted to the bar and became an assistant district attorney before entering newspaper work. Subsequently he was editor of the Scranton Free Press and the Carbondale Anthracite; then special correspondent for the North American; editorial writer for the Evening Times; managing editor of the Press; special correspondent for the Inquirer and political editor of the Record, all of Philadelphia. He was appointed to the Public Service Commission in 1926 and has been in public service since that time.



# Editing a Plant Publication for War Workers Requires Triple-Shift Reporting

BY LOWELL JONES

**W**HEN tank arsenals and ordnance plants started springing up in pastures and swamp lands, it wasn't long before industrial editors came along to get morale-boosting house magazine under way.

I happen to be one of those journalists who has gone into a new war plant, nursed a new magazine into existence and watched it grow from nothing into something the folks ask for when it's a day late.

International Harvester Company's St. Paul Works was just a year and two weeks beyond the blueprints when I went to work there last May. The plant is housed in what had been, just a few months before, a warehouse full of farm machinery.

By last spring it had emerged from tooling-up and pilot line assembly and already had hit production stride. The managerial organization and numerous technical experts had been brought in from several of the 19 other Harvester Works throughout the United States and from the company's factories overseas.

**F**EELING that an industrial editor can do a better job if he knows something about the employees' viewpoint and, incidentally, something about manufacturing operations, the management put me to work in the plant for about a month before starting on the magazine. Spending a few days in each department, I made the rounds until I had worked in most of the factory and office divisions.

I got the employees' slant by working as an operator's helper on a turret lathe, by running a milling machine and a radial drill, by raking metal chips and by packing repair parts that go to the fighters who use our new intermediate-caliber artillery gun.

I found out something about how new employees are hired by working in the personnel department, under whose jurisdiction the embryo magazine was to be published.

None of those with whom I worked knew anything about the publication that was in the offing, so by putting on an old pair of corduroys and seeing to it that I soaked up my share of coolant oil, I was able to find out a lot by listening and asking questions. For an industrial editor who hasn't previously been a shop employee, this is just about the best way to get acquainted with a reading audience.

**L**IKE every new baby, our magazine had to have a name. Management agreed that readers should have a hand in naming their magazine, so we conducted a contest.

A short contest seemed best, so entries were accepted for a week only. Employees were told that a good magazine title should be short, in no way descriptive of the product being made and, thirdly, it should be tied in with the locality.

Six employees, one of them a girl, tied for name-calling honors by suggesting "The Gopher." (Minnesota, as those of you know who follow our football teams, is called the Gopher state.) There were



Lowell Jones

no financial awards but the winners got their pictures in an early issue, besides the personal satisfaction of picking a winning name.

The name was chosen in time for the first issue and a couple of little gophers, one whispering in the other's ear, were drawn to adorn the logos on front cover and masthead.

**D**URING my first month as a shop employee I had been keeping my eyes open for likely-looking reporters and had found one in each department for the first shift. Not having worked on the second and third shifts, I sought advice from the foremen, who usually know their employees well enough to suggest a good news-bound.

Although their judgment was good in most cases, I think it's better for an editor to pick his own reportorial staff whenever possible. Otherwise, some employees may feel that management is running the show.

The *Gopher's* staff is 38 strong now, somewhat larger than the staffs of most employee publications, making it necessary occasionally for the editor to set the alarm early enough in the morning to get in touch with dog watch reporters and stay late enough in the afternoon to see those on the second shift.

When war production continues around the clock, triple-shift reporting is the only way to get complete coverage.

**A**S editor of the *Gopher*, I am one of 15 Harvester industrial editors who get out the magazines for 60,000 employees at Harvester war plants all over the country. We work in the local personnel departments and are responsible to the central employee magazine department at the home office in Chicago.

A certain amount of space is devoted

[Concluded on page 12]

**W**ORLD WAR II has brought a new significance to plant publications. Many that were dropped in the pre-war depression days have been revived. Those that continued publication throughout the lean years have been revitalized and expanded because of their recognized morale value in connection with the war production effort.

In the accompanying article, Lowell Jones, editor of the *Gopher*, plant publication of the St. Paul, Minn., Works of the International Harvester Co., tells how he prepared to take over that job and how he has carried it on since.

Editor of the *West High Times* in Minneapolis in 1938 and of the *Minnesota Daily* at the University of Minnesota 1941-42, he guided those publications to All-American Pacemaker honors. At Minnesota, from which he was graduated cum laude in journalism and industrial management in June, 1942, he was vice-president of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter at the University, a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and junior and senior men's honorary organizations. Last year he was editor of the *Gyroscope*, official publication of Gyro International, a professional and business men's club.



Sgt. E. J. Burman, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent from Oakland, Calif., is pictured above making notes for a dispatch at a forward observation post on Guadalcanal Island before the recent withdrawal of the Marines. He formerly was a radio broadcaster and the author of a number of stories published in the U. S. A.

**F**IGHTER-WRITERS, men equally adept with rifle or typewriter, are now telling the world that the Marines have landed.

For the latest idea of the Leathernecks, the Combat Correspondents Corps, is now paying dividends for the Marine Corps in a big way.

Newspaper readers all over the country are familiar with the names of Second Lieut. Herbert L. Merillat, of Monmouth, Ill., and Tech. Sgt. James W. Hurlbut of Arlington County, Va., of the Marine Correspondents Corps, who gave Americans the first eyewitness accounts of the savage fighting that took place in the Solomon Islands.

The story of Lieut. Merillat, recounting the actual early-morning landing of the Leathernecks and the subsequent fighting, was released on a Saturday and hit the front page of nearly every big newspaper in the country the next morning.

Day-to-day experiences of heroic Americans, their frequent and harrowing skirmishes with the Japanese and the accompanying human interest stories that occur are being written by Sgt.

Hurlbut and other Combat Correspondents in the Solomons.

**A**PPROXIMATELY 100 men have joined the Combat Correspondents Corps. They are being sent out to join Marine units in every part of the world, to write about Marines and to cover any action that occurs.

Sigma Delta Chi is well represented in the Corps. Among its members are Sergts. Jean Paul Boxell (Indiana '40); Edward Adolphe (Columbia '31); and Chester D. Palmer, Jr. (Washington and Lee '38). Sergts. Boxell and Palmer were vice-president and secretary, respectively, of their chapters.

**T**HE soldier-reporter idea is something new in the time-worn annals of American Journalism, and the result is a happy one.

Stirring accounts of Leathernecks fighting against the Japanese, human interest stories that the civilian correspondents would find impossible to obtain without constant mingling with men in the ranks, and inconsequential bits about promotions and camp life—too



Reporting and picture-taking problems forgotten for the moment, the men (D. C.) Times-Herald, are pictured learning to stack rifles during training. Standing, are Sergts. James McNamara, Joseph F. Heiberger, Andrew J. Frank, William S. Frank, Sidney Epstein and Wesley A. Frank.

## Fighter-Writers Add to the Combat Corps

By SERGT. IRVIN H.

Official Marine Corps

small for the press associations to carry but read avidly by parents and friends of the fighting men—are made available to a news-hungry public by the Marine writers.

No big-name, by-line journalistic stars, but tried and proven young reporters, eager for what adventure their experience might bring them, are these Leatherneck correspondents. Metropolitan dailies, small-town newspapers, press associations and radio stations have contributed to the personnel.

**L**IKE every Marine, these men undergo eight blistering weeks of basic training at either Parris Island, S. C. or San Diego, Calif., often called the toughest training of any military outfit in the world.

Here the men are taught



Brig.-Gen. Robert Denig

It was Gen. Denig, head of the Public Relations, who conceived of the Corps' staff of Combat





At this moment, these Marine newspapermen, all formerly with the Washington Post, are in the field. From left to right, they are: Sgt. Chester Palmer, Sgt. Palmer, member of the Washington and Lee University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, worked for the Chicago Herald & Examiner and the Norfolk & Western Railroad publicity office before his enlistment in the Marine Corps as a Combat Correspondent.



Sgt. Chester Palmer, Marine Corps Correspondent, pounds out a story "Somewhere in the Field." Sgt. Palmer, member of the Washington and Lee University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, worked for the Chicago Herald & Examiner and the Norfolk & Western Railroad publicity office before his enlistment in the Marine Corps as a Combat Correspondent.

## the Lore of Leathernecks as correspondents

IRVIN H. KREISMAN

Marine Corps Photos



Brig-Gen. Robert L. Denig

Head of the Marine Corps Division of Public Relations, conceived and directed the formation of the staff of Combat Correspondents.

to drill, shoot, and use the bayonet. And from tough "devil dog" Sergeants they receive no mercy because of their profession. Denied liberty, forbidden to gamble or play cards, they are taught to wash their own clothes, scrub floors, wait on tables, and care for their own equipment.

After "boot" camp training, the men receive their indoctrination and instruction at Washington, D. C. The indoctrination course includes training films and lectures by officers on communications, Marine regulations, military security and office routine.

Assignments to distant posts follow. Just as Marine units at the present time are scattered throughout the world, so are the combat correspondents, enabling them to chronicle the life of Marines everywhere.

At posts and barracks they are attached to company headquarters or battalion headquarters. The duties of the correspondents as members of Marine garrisons and posts are such that they may devote much of their time to public relations duties.

**S**INCE every Marine must be an all-round man, these public relations sergeants are expected to double in many duties such as non-commissioned officer's watch, company clerk, assistant to the sergeant-major or to be of general administrative assistance.

Acting much like the "managing editor" of this staff is Brig-Gen. Robert L. Denig, veteran of many a Marine charge. Gen. Denig, who has been in the service 36 years, has seen service in Cuba, the Philippines, Nicaragua, and France. He is a native of Sandusky, O.

It was to Gen. Denig that the idea of the Combat Correspondents first occurred. During the gripping days of the battle of Wake Island, when a handful of Leathernecks held out for two weeks against an overwhelming Japanese force, the American public searched their

daily papers eagerly for accounts of the battle.

But day after day the communiques could only state that the gallant defenders continued to hold out. The stories of heroism and sacrifice, the personal stories of sacrifice that all America was eager to learn, could not be told because they were not to be had.

It was then that Gen. Denig, who had been put in charge of organizing and directing a greatly enlarged division of public relations in July, 1941, to fit the needs of a huge expansion program, decided the time was ripe to put his experiment into practice.

**H**E sounded out the Marine Command, and by March, 1942, succeeded in getting approval for an initial enrollment of reporters and photographers.

The only offer that the Marine Corps held out to the newspaper and radio enlistees who wished to join was the temporary warrant of Sergeant, given the men after they had successfully completed boot camp.

The response was gratifying. Experienced reporters, photographers, and ra-



Sgt. Jean Paul Boxell

Sgt. Boxell, Combat Correspondent attached to Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, D. C., is a graduate of Indiana University where he was a member and vice-president of the Indiana chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

diomen joined and are joining with enthusiasm. Only requirement for enlistment is that the recruit must have had a satisfactory newspaper or radio background and must have enthusiasm for the work ahead.

At first some newspapers were skepti-

cal of the new idea. It was suggested that perhaps the Marine Corps was setting out to create a censorship of military news or that the Combat Correspondents would compete with the newspapers' own reporters.

When it was pointed out that the Marine Combat Correspondents would aid rather than compete with civilian correspondents, acting as an adjunct to them, and that the Marine copy would be turned over to all press associations alike for distribution, the doubts were put at rest.

**I**N the field, the correspondent is expected to obtain live news stories, and stories of human interest.

"Let's write all the news about Marine activities and the individual Marines that can be told within the limits of security," Gen. Denig tells his men as they depart for their posts.

"Give most of your time and attention to the enlisted man and what he says, does and thinks. Tell the human interest side of the Marine Corps. If Pvt. Bill Jones, of Cumberland Gap, wins the boxing championship of his unit, tell the people of Cumberland Gap about it."

And the CCC boys, as the Leatherneck writers like to call themselves, are telling the Marine's story to the world.

Copy is turned over to the commanding officer who forwards the material to headquarters in Washington, where it is edited and distributed.

The initiative, courage and skill with which these Correspondents cover and write their stories reflects high credit on the pre-uniform training given them by collegiate journalism classes and the newspapers of the nation.



Sgt. Irvin H. Kreisman

Sgt. Kreisman, who prepared the accompanying article on the Combat Correspondents of the Marine Corps, calls Peoria, Ill., his home. He was a reporter for the Peoria Journal-Transcript for several years after attending Bradley College, in his home town, for two years. He later went to the University of Wisconsin, from which he received his B.A. in Journalism in 1940.

Following graduation he became a teacher of English and Journalism and had charge of publications at Central High School, Menomonee, Wis. His school paper there, the Maroon Warrior, was judged the most outstanding mimeographed paper in the country two years running in contests sponsored by the University of Minnesota, Columbia and Northwestern Universities. The teacher who did the mimeographing for the paper, Miss Evelyn Hillier, of Lodi, Wis., became Mrs. Kreisman several months ago.

Kreisman enlisted in the Marine Corps last June; received his basic training at Parris Island, S. C., and then was sent to headquarters in Washington, D. C., where he edited copy of Marine Combat Correspondents before being sent into the field.

## Triple-Shift Reporting

[Concluded from page 9]

each month to general copy prepared by the editor-in-chief and his Chicago staff. This copy is printed in advance and goes into all 15 plant magazines. Remainder of the space is devoted to local copy.

Because of this centralized set-up, there are certain mechanical techniques in editing the *Gopher* that are unusual. Naturally, there is no time for sending galley or page proofs back to St. Paul after the type has been set at Harvester Press in Chicago. Very careful character count, photo editing and page layout are essential, therefore, so everything will fit into its assigned place at the Press.

**F**EELING that pictures are important in any magazine, management got its editor a new Speed Graphic and told him to set up a darkroom. The *Gopher* now has more column inches devoted to pictures than to type.

Plant magazines are mailed from each Works to former employees in armed service. In addition, a monthly newsletter goes from Chicago to more than 6,000 Harvester service men. Another publication, the *Harvester World*, has a circula-

tion of 33,000 among sales outlets and management personnel.

Before the war, a magazine like the *Gopher*, circulating among machine shop or steel mill employees, might have had many readers not fully familiar with the English language. Certain style rules have sprung up in Harvester periodicals to assist these readers. Names of seasons, for example, are capitalized because the words fall and spring may also be a stumble and a hunk of metal.

But wartime dislocations have brought changes in most reader audiences. In our plant we have a commercial artist, numerous salesmen, a nationally famous professional golfer, a newspaperman, several sorority girls, a minister and a musician who played the timpani in local symphony orchestras for 30 years. Several machine operators have master's degrees and a couple are studying at night for their Ph.D.'s. Happy hunting ground for personality sketches!

**N**EARLY a third of our employees are women, and Negroes are working side by side with whites. All these changes in reading personnel make the industrial

editor's job more interesting—and more important.

A recent survey by the Monsanto Chemical Company of St. Louis indicated that 80 per cent of industrial executives consider house magazines of increased importance in this national emergency. Further indications of this executive feeling is the fact that there are 30 or 40 new employe publications in government-owned, privately operated ordnance plants alone, to say nothing of those in private industry.

The greater use of employe publications at a time when labor relations are all-important means that industrial journalists have new responsibilities.

Hand in hand with the added responsibility goes the privilege of editing for superior employes who are enthusiastic about their work because it's helping win a war. Employes with a purpose make appreciative readers and that, after all, is what makes this industrial editing business a pleasure.



## • THE BOOK BEAT •

### Kieran Kernels

**POEMS I REMEMBER**, An Anthology of My Favorite Poems. By John Kieran. 565 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Garden City, N. Y. \$3.

There have been countless anthologies of poetry in the past—there will be plenty of others, no doubt, in the future—but here is an anthology quite different from the usual order.

John Kieran, widely known sports writer of the *New York Times* and still more widely known as one of the experts on the "Information, Please," program, presents in this volume poems and portions of poems which remain in the memory of one reader.

Some of it, he relates, is remembered because at some earlier time its memorizing was compulsory; still other verse because he heard it so often from the lips of others; or in books; or because it was read by choice and then read and re-read again and again for a variety of reasons.

Nor does he pretend that he can recite every word of the poems he has presented—but he believes if any three or four consecutive lines were quoted that he could give them "local habitation and name." And we'll bet he could!

"There may be a critical arching of eyebrows," he continues, "over some of the verse offered . . . but this is not a gathering of memorable verse but of remembered verse. There is a difference."

Nothing from any living author is included, Mr. Kieran adds, because the book already was running longer than had been contemplated and also because the compiler's favorite passages from John Massfield alone would have made it a "two-decker."

For those who may scoff at poetry, Mr. Kieran has this to say:

"Poetry, then, is all-embracing in reach and appeal. It is for the child and for the sage, for rich and poor, for high and low, for better or worse, until death do us part. Who harbors in memory a wealth of valued verse has laid up unto himself treasures that moths will not corrupt nor thieves break in and steal."

In this volume he reveals the extent of the wealth that may accrue to one individual through his pursuit of the bards—a wealth he shares so it may increase tenfold.

**NEWSMAN'S HOLIDAY** by the Nieman Fellows. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1942. \$2.00.

This book is correctly titled. Though the pun isn't intended, for a newsman or a journalism student, it is really a newsman's holiday to read it.

The Nieman Fellows are a group of about a dozen newsmen selected every year to spend a year in formal and informal study at Harvard University. Funds left to Harvard under the will of Lucius Nieman, late editor and publisher of the *Mil-*

THE QUILL for February, 1943

### Book Bulletins

**EXCHANGE SHIP**, by Max Hill. 312 pp. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. \$2.50.

This book by Max Hill, former chief of the Associated Press bureau in Tokyo, is one of the indictments drawn against the Japanese by American newspaper correspondents that will stand as long as men can read. He and his fellow correspondents whose articles, dispatches and now books have endeavored to make other Americans realize the sort of foe we face in the Orient are doing a first-class fighting job with typewriters and words as weapons.

Max Hill tells the story of his own experiences in Japan; the indignities imposed upon him and others during their months of imprisonment while Japanese correspondents in America were living lives of luxury at White Sulphur Springs. He tells, too, the stories of those who were on the exchange ship, the *Gripsholm*, that brought the repatriated Americans home.

It is a story that will make you boil as you read it—and would that it and books like it were read by every man and woman in the U. S. A.

★  
**INTERVIEWING SAINTS AND SINNERS**, by David W. Hazen. 431 pp. Binfords & Mort, Publishers, Portland, Ore. \$3.

David W. Hazen, now of the Portland *Oregonian* staff, and prior to that, a member of the staff of the Portland *Telegram* estimates that he has interviewed something like 10,000 persons—great and near great and not very great—in his 40-odd years of newspapering. He now does nothing but interviews for the *Oregonian*—and hasn't for the last 13 years.

In this volume he has assembled quotations from and anecdotes about these men and women whom he has quizzed. With the exception of one chapter, he has placed the educators, bishops, newspapermen, admirals, explorers, etc., etc., all in their respective niches. It adds up to a whale of a lot of interesting sidelights about a whale of a lot of people—and goes to show that a man doesn't have to practice journalism in New York in order to "meet all those interesting people" non-newspaper folk always are asking you about!

★  
**ITALY FROM WITHIN**, by Richard G. Massock. 400 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.

With great interest focused upon Italy and other Southern European countries considered the "soft belly" of the Axis, this timely volume by Richard G. Massock, chief of the Rome Bureau of the Associated Press from 1938 to December, 1941, traces the rise and decline of Fascism, Mussolini and the modern Roman "empire" of which he dreamed.

It also treats of the diplomatic wobbling of Italy in the years before the war; wartime conditions and the private lives of the dictator and his people. He discounts the possibility of a revolution in Italy for a variety of reasons, chiefly because of the German yoke. The landing of British and American troops on the continent probably would hasten a revolution, he adds. While the Italian army would, he feels, resist the invasion the people would look upon it as a deliverance.

This book won't make you like Mussolini or Fascism any more than you do now—but it will create more sympathy than anything else for the Italian people themselves.

waukee *Journal*, were used to establish the fellowships.

The book contains 11 essays by as many writers. Many of them are reminiscences, while several are top-notch discussions of the problems facing American journalism today.

The series for the 1941-42 fellows is begun by *PM*'s Kenneth Stewart recalling his early reporting days, while Robert E. Dickson, of the *New York World Telegram*, tells about the great nomads—the early Morse operators. Robert Lasch, of

the *Omaha World Herald*, discusses objectivity and maintains it is completely possible and desirable.

An excellent discussion of trends in journalism with some thoughts on reporting in the future are given by Donald Grant, *Des Moines Register*. A brief history of the Guild and its aims and achievements are told by the *Jacksonville Journal's* Henning Heldt. The weekly newspaper, censorship, and press agents are explored respectively by Neil O. Davis, *Lee County (Ala.) Bulletin*, Sanford Lee Cooper, *Pittsburgh Press*; and James E. Colvin, *Chicago Daily News*.

Next, Stanley Allen, of the *New Haven Evening Register*, lashes out at the incompetent and dumb in the field. This is an important and stimulating essay. The *Boston Globe's* Victor O. Jones tells the importance of the box score in American sports.

The AP's Thomas Sancton rings the bell with his essay, "Thirty for Charlie Watson." He thinks that the important opinion of the profession doesn't come from the greats. It must come from the mediocre veterans—"from the rewrite men who have been pounding mills for years; from men on the rim of the copy desk who have learned the type sizes of a dozen newspapers; from the night city editors with the eye shades; from the police reporters who get their checks by mail and haven't seen the city room in months, or even years."

In our early days, Sancton says, "We are young, alive, important, vigorous, healthy, clear, crackling with ideas, planning a book, in love with our life and our work and with the sound of our own prose, proud, growing, keen-eyed—and blind. There is nothing which happens today that we do not see. But the vision ends with today."

This book is required reading. It's the book itself that makes it that. It should be read by everyone in the field—a good addition to the journalist's library. And if one doesn't have a library, the book should be part of his journalistic bible—it's that good.—R. S. FITZPATRICK.

J. A. McKaughan, who left the city editor's desk of the *Newark (N. J.) Morning Ledger* in 1926 to join the Macmillan organization and has been in the book publishing business ever since, has been named director of promotion for the J. B. Lippincott Co.'s general list. He left Macmillan in 1932 to join the Century Co. When Reynal & Hitchcock was organized in 1934, he went there as promotion manager, later also serving as secretary and a director of that organization.

### ACCORDING TO —

"Please accept my congratulations on the swell job you are doing with the magazine."—SHELLY PIERCE, *Journal of Commerce*, New York, N. Y.

"Best wishes and bouquets for a grand job on THE QUILL."—DON THOMPSON, Radio Station KPO, San Francisco, Calif.

"I've had THE QUILL forwarded and follow it very closely."—LIEUT. VICTOR E. BLUEDORN, Fort Belvoir, Va.

## Wisconsin Chapter of SDX Initiates 5 New Professionals

Louis P. Lochner, former AP Bureau Chief in Berlin, Principal Speaker at Madison Meeting

By Peter Turco

**M**ADISON, Wis.—The University of Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, initiated five new professional members at its first initiation rites of the new year, Jan. 21. Peter Turco, chapter president, presided at the ceremony.

The new professional affiliates are: Louis P. Lochner, former head of the Associated Press bureau in Berlin for 14 years and the author of the book, "What About Germany?"; Carl T. Anderson, King Features' creator of the comic strip "Henry"; Charles E. Broughton, editor and publisher of the Sheboygan (Wis.) Press; W. J. Erlandson, editor of the Lake Mills (Wis.) Leader; and W. D. Hoard, Jr., president of W. D. Hoard & Sons company, Ft. Atkinson, Wis., publishers of Hoard's Dairyman and the Jefferson County Union.

Following the initiation, a dinner was held in honor of the new members. At this dinner, Lochner, a 1909 graduate of the University of Wisconsin, who has been described as "the American who knows Hitler best," gave a brief off-the-record talk which stressed the methods used to uncover news in Germany. This talk emphasized the tact and care needed in dealing with sources of information.

William T. Evjue, editor of the Madison, (Wis.) Capital Times, a professional member of the Wisconsin chapter, also spoke briefly.

George V. Hanson, a member of Sigma Delta Chi and also on the Daily Cardinal governing board, accepted a plaque for the student daily at the dinner. The paper won the award in the feature story writing division of Sigma Delta Chi's 1942 Student Newspaper contest.

The toastmaster for the evening was A. John Berge, secretary of the Wisconsin Alumni Association, while arrangements were under the supervision of Prof. Frank Thayer, faculty adviser to the Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

JAMES R. YOUNG (Indiana Professional), who returned to the U. S. two years ago after spending 61 days in Tokyo jails climaxing more than ten years as Far Eastern correspondent for International News Service and representative of King Feature Syndicate, has announced that he will soon begin publication of the Far Easterner, a weekly newspaper giving news, views and comments on American affairs in the Far East.

J. B. POWELL (Missouri Professional), former editor of the China Weekly Review in Shanghai, who was unmercifully tortured by the Japs during his imprisonment after the Pacific war broke out, will be editor of the new publication.

## Heads Chicago SDX



Carl R. Kesler

Kesler, assistant city editor of the Chicago Daily News, has been elected president of the Headline Club, Chicago professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity. He succeeds Harold E. Rainville, public relations counsel, who becomes chairman of the board of directors.

Chosen first vice president was Tom Curran, Central division manager of the United Press associations, and Herb Graffis, columnist for the Chicago Daily Times and editor of Golf-dom and Golfing magazines, was named second vice president. James C. Kiper, national executive secretary of the fraternity, was named secretary-treasurer, and the following were elected to the board of directors: John L. Meyer, secretary-treasurer, Inland Daily Press Association; Will W. Loomis, editor and publisher, the LaGrange (Ill.) Citizen, past national president of the National Editorial Association, and past national honorary president of SDX; George C. Gallatti, Chicago news editor, International News Service; Phil Maxwell, editorial promotion manager, Chicago Tribune; Franklin K. Mullin, market and financial writer, Associated Press; Charles G. Werner, political cartoonist, Chicago Sun; Clarence C. McQuigg (Northwestern '31), Chicago Herald and American; George A. Brandenburg, Chicago editor, Editor & Publisher magazine, past national president of SDX; Claude O. Brewer, secretary-treasurer, Simmonds and Simmonds Advertising agency; Tony Koelker, chief of press department, Blue Network company; Manly Mumford, public relations director, Household Finance Corporation; Paul B. Nelson, former publisher, Scholastic Editor magazine; and Curtis D. MacDougall, editorial writer, the Chicago Sun, and lecturer, Medill school of journalism, Northwestern University.

DONALD G. PADILLA (Iowa ex-'44) is with the army air force classification center in San Antonio, Texas.

## WHO-WHAT-WHERE

CARROLL HAWKINS (Minnesota '37) is an instructor in the University of Minnesota's Political Science Department.

SHERMAN W. NEEDHAM, 61 (Grinnell Professional), editor and publisher of the Ames (Ia.) Milepost, has been appointed state superintendent of printing in Iowa.

LIEUT. DALE E. BOYD (Iowa '42) and Adis M. Kepler of Pocahontas, Iowa, were married March 7 in Kahoka, Mo. Lieut. Boyd is now on military duty in England.

LIEUT. WILLIAM BUCKLEY (Iowa '42) and Ruth Plass, both of Iowa City, were married Oct. 31 in Iowa City. They left for Ft. Benning, Ga., where Lieut. Buckley is stationed.

SAM RECK (Iowa State '27), extension editor for Iowa State College for the past five years, has been named extension editor for Rutgers University at New Brunswick, N. J.

CLIFTON E. HARPER (Baylor '29) now holds the position of assistant professor at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, Athens. Harper, a charter member of the Baylor University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi when it was established in 1928, has spent eight years in the publishing business in Louisiana. He received his master of arts degree in journalism at Louisiana State University and completed the Ph.D. degree residence requirements at the University of Missouri. He served on the journalism faculty at Montana State University for one year before accepting the position in Georgia.

Front page news-makers become people to Minneapolis Morning Tribune readers through personality sketches it prints of names in that day's news. The sketches are prepared by the Morning Tribune staff, and includes human interest bits of the news-maker's life and personality traits. A line referring the reader to the personality sketch inside the paper is carried in the news item on the front page about the person.

The idea was originated by former Morning Tribune copy desk man, now Pvt. VERNON C. BANK, who is stationed at Fort Omaha, Neb. He is a member of Sigma Delta Chi and was graduated from the University of Southern California with the class of 1935.

WILLIAM (BILL) THOMPSON (Southern Methodist '32), formerly editorial writer of the Dallas Journal and publicist for the Texas Centennial Exposition, has been appointed Assistant Information Specialist of the Texas-Oklahoma Region of the Farm Security Administration, with offices in Dallas.

## —30—

JOHN O. SIMMONS (Syracuse '26), chairman of the Department of Journalism which preceded the present School of Journalism at Syracuse University, died at a veteran's hospital in Fort Bayard, N. M., Dec. 6.

He was en route, with his wife and son, to Arizona on a physician's recommendation. His poor health had resulted from being gassed during World War I. During recent years Mr. Simmons had been a staff member of several New York state and New England newspapers.



# THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

## Film Serials

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

IT'S a pleasure to present Will Rogers, Jr., as a guest columnist. Rogers, elected to the U. S. Congress last autumn, had earned his journalistic plaudits as publisher of the Beverly Hills (Calif.) *Citizen* and as a member of the publicity staff of Republic Studios in North Hollywood, which has become a leader in producing movie serials and westerns.

May we present young Rogers:

### BY WILL ROGERS, JR.

NO less an authority than the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* pays tribute to the lowly serial by stating that only the episode thriller and the western have a "universal" appeal.

Love stories will be banned in some countries. A dozen nations will bar religious films. Gangster productions will be frowned upon in half the countries of Europe, while a picture dealing with war or international intrigue is almost certain to be barred in more places than it will be allowed to play.

But the saga of the fearless American cowboy, the continued-next-week epic of the imperiled heroine hanging from a cliff by her teeth, packs 'em in at Yonkers, Bombay, Cairo, and Melbourne alike.

Explorers returning from treks into the innermost reaches of Africa tell with amused incredulity of the intrepid traveling-theater man—sometimes native, sometimes white—who brings the "white man's magic" into the jungle.

THE program will vary. There may be an old, old Chaplin comedy (silent, of course) and a serial. There may be a western and a serial. Or there may be only the serial. Always the serial. It's the chapter play which fires their imaginations and leaves them satisfied.

An odd tableau: a group of squatting, half-naked savages staring fascinated at the moving shadows which flicker over a rickety screen, their fancies captured by the derring-do of a character the like of which they have never heard, galloping about on a terrain they have never seen, and behaving according to a moral code which they can never comprehend.

But such is the charm of a serial.

WITH such thoughts in mind, it is almost jolting to realize that all this wonder is achieved in the humdrum world of reality, on Hollywood sound stages, produced by scripts written by men in offices and supervised by producers with a wary eye on the limitations of the budget and the Hays office.

But, like it or not, serial-making is a

business. A very complicated business. The serial unit is a group unto itself, almost separate from the rest of the studio. It is very much a cooperative effort, with the producers and the directors—there are always two directors—having as much say in the writing of the screenplay as the authors themselves; and with the writers being called in to okay castings, sets, and backgrounds. It has no parallel in the movie world.

The fortunes of the series have varied. Like a strip of bacon, it has its streaks of lean and fat.

In the infancy of the motion picture industry, it was on a par with the feature, often of more importance. Names like Pearl White and Ruth Roland, famous serial queens, were billed on theater marquees; the regular feature photoplay was an "added attraction."

But during the 20's, serial popularity waned. Too many serials were being made to capitalize on the high favor they found. Nor was much effort made to keep them "original." Hence the public grew bored and skeptical; serials were banished from the big first-run theaters.

THEN, in 1935, newly-born Republic Studios, anxious to get a foothold in the Hollywood scene, decided to rejuvenate the serial . . . to inject new life into it. To take the lead in its production, "Phantom Empire," executives brought out a young man, new to films, but already famous on the radio as a singer, Gene Autry.

"Phantom Empire," not only raised Autry to dizzy heights as America's Number One Cowboy, but also did what Republic had gambled on its doing: it reawakened interest in serials.

Beginning with Clyde Beatty, famed animal trainer who starred in "Darkest Africa," Republic has striven to create a pre-sold audience by presenting them with actors in the leading roles with whom they are already familiar. Sports personalities are welcomed in particular—such as Slingin' Sammy Baugh, football hero who had the title role in "King of the Texas Rangers."

MANY of the toughest problems which serial-making presents fall to the writing department. All the characters must be just so—either very good or very bad. The hero must always be heroic; the villain always villainous.

The rules to be followed are legion:

Since the juvenile audience is the largest a serial will reach, nothing will be put into the screenplay which might introduce wrong notions into young minds.

The hero never drinks or smokes.

He never takes unfair advantage.

He never picks a fight except in self-



Will Rogers, Jr.

Bill Rutledge has as his guest columnist this month Will Rogers, Jr., member of the Stanford University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity; publisher of the Beverly Hills (Calif.) *Citizen* and U. S. Congressman. Congressman Rogers discusses the writing of film serials.

defense, or in an attempt to ward off a premeditated crime.

He is always kind to animals.

He is strong and brave, yet has ideals and a tender heart.

Summarily: He does no wrong of any kind.

THERE is always a heroine, but the romance is kept on an idealized level, and minimized wherever possible. Usually she plays a comparatively minor role and serves mainly to provide a chapter ending by getting into trouble and calling upon the hero for help. She thus does the invaluable job of keeping the story moving.

A notable exception to this is "Jungle Girl," currently showing in the nation's theaters. Frances Gifford took the title role—thus becoming the first serial queen in 25 years!—and was so popularly received that she is now to be starred in a sequel, "The Perils of Nyoka."

The villain is, of course, the opposite of the hero. Where the hero is brave, the villain is cowardly; where the hero is loyal to his companions, the villain is perfidious. So on and on it goes.

But all these limitations are comparatively minor. There is but one cardinal rule: "Give 'em ACTION!" Action is the theme and the plot of the modern serial; action is the commodity which the unit is selling to the public.

TRADITION—nothing else—has set the number of episodes or chapters in a serial at 12, 13, or 15. The title of each episode is announced on the screen at the close of the preceding one—in fact, immediately after the gasping audience has just seen our hero caught in a pool

swarming with crocodiles. The title is calculated to pull the spectators back into the theater and hence is often lurid. Here is a list from Republic's "King of The Texas Rangers":

"THE FIFTH COLUMN STRIKES"  
 "DEAD END"  
 "MAN HUNT"  
 "TRAPPED"  
 "TEST FLIGHT"  
 "DOUBLE DANGER"  
 "DEATH TAKES THE WITNESS"  
 "COUNTERFEIT TRAIL"  
 "AMBUSH"  
 "SKY RAIDERS"  
 "TRAIL OF DEATH"  
 "CODE OF THE RANGERS"

IT is popularly believed that serials are quickly and cheaply made. Actually budgets rarely run below \$200,000, and require as many if not more shooting days than the most lavish production. This is mainly because of the great length of a serial. Depending upon the number of episodes, a complete chapter play will be from four to five times as long as a feature, with a total running time of from 280 to 340 minutes.

Serials demand definite types of actors and actresses. Performers in serials must be strong, hardy, energetic, and blessed with a surplus of stamina. Because once production is begun, the serial crew moves straight through without pause or hesitation.

Obviously, stunt men and women are used in the most dangerous situations, for an injury to an important player might hold up shooting and raise production costs to a ruinous figure.

But when the camera angle is close, the actor must necessarily appear in person. It is then that the unexpected must be counted for. For instance, in fights, the idea is that punches will be pulled, without actually landing. But the action is so fast and furious that very often a cue is missed, or a foot slips, and a fist does connect with somebody's jaw.

However, since most serial heroes are stunt men in their own right, such a thing is brushed off and ignored as of little consequence.

WITH the end of shooting, there comes the problem of editing, in which everyone from producer to director, writer, and actor join in. What will be cut out? What emphasized?

The answer is always simple: if it's fast and full of action, leave it in; if it drags, out it goes.

From there on, the finished work is out of the serial department's hands. Titled appropriately and scored with music to heighten the dramatic instances, the whole 12, 13, or 15 episodes start on their way to the theaters.

The serial will play in the United States first. But when American children—and adults!—have finished with it and are looking forward to its successor, it will go over into other lands, making the rounds of city and hamlet.

At last, yellow and patched, it will be found in some remote jungle or island,

unintentionally (hence quite effectively) spreading the American conceptions of life in the least objectionable and most entertaining way of all.

That's the serial.

## Contests

E. P. Dutton & Co., 286-302 Fourth Avenue, New York City, have announced the first Lewis & Clark Northwest Contest for the best book manuscript submitted by a Northwest author. The company announces a cash prize of \$1,500 against royalties for the best book manuscript submitted by an author from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana or Alaska. The competition is open to all persons born in this area, regardless of present residence; those who have lived there for at least five years, regardless of place of birth; to anyone who is at present a student or has been graduated from a recognized college or university in this section, or to anyone who has completed a recognized course in English Literature or Creative Writing in the areas listed, regardless of place of birth or residence. There are no restrictions as to age or previous writing experience. Man-

uscripts should be not less than 50,000 words in length. Both fiction and non-fiction are eligible. Manuscripts need not be Northwest in setting or subject. The contest closes June 1, 1943. Questions regarding this contest should be sent to the judge in your territory: ALASKA—Prof. Joseph B. Harrison, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. IDAHO—Prof. John Cushman, University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho; MONTANA—Dr. H. G. Merriam, Montana State University, Missoula, Mont.; OREGON—Dean Alfred Powers, 521 Oregon Bldg., Portland, Ore.; and WASHINGTON—Prof. George Savage, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. Entries also are to be sent to them.

★

Announcement of the eleventh biennial Harper Prize Novel Competition, ending on July 1, 1943, has been made by Harper & Brothers. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words shall be considered as a novel.

In answer to some of the questions that have come to the publishers about the contest, Harper & Brothers add that there are no restrictions as to setting and theme; a contestant may submit as many manuscripts as he chooses; there is no objection to anonymity; the contest is not limited to first novels.

A circular giving full particulars will be sent to anyone who addresses a request to Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

# One Strike—and You're Out

[Concluded from page 5]

that delights in taking milk from the mouths of babes by keeping up the several capitalistic dogmas for the sake of its advertisers and consequently for itself.

The paper on which I am employed has been no exception, as may be gathered from the episode of the disgruntled tannery strikers. It would appear, therefore, that any such publication should be the darling of the tannery owners and of all other owners of anything from a steel mill down to a dump truck.

But this is mere supposition, for, as I said, when a newspaper prints anything whatever about a strike or a labor dispute it sticks its neck out farther than a heckler at a National-Socialist meeting in Berlin.

OCCASIONALLY, I attend a dinner and, contrary to popular misconception, dinners are not attended only by insurance salesmen and real estate dealers in the faint hope of soliciting business. Once I found a Grade-A capitalist at a dinner. I was seated next to him and his good wife was on his other side. Naturally, I bridled up to them. After all, maybe the Old Boy owned a string of newspapers!

But I went over like a thick, juicy steak on Good Friday. There had been a violent strike a few weeks before at one of the man's main industries. Neither he nor his wife wasted any time in letting me know that as far as they were concerned my paper was stink-o, with the accent on the stink. When I gave the name of the paper which employed me, the wife glanced questioning at her husband, as if to say: "How far shall we go in showing our displeasure?"

The husband declared open season me at once.

"We've always felt that your paper acted rather badly during our strike," the husband began.

"Yes, we cancelled our subscription," the wife put in.

"We employed a public relations expert to write of the difficulty especially for

your paper," the lord and master continued, "but not one word that he wrote was ever printed. I personally read every word that he wrote and found it accurate and fair. Those strikers were outlaws. But you people insisted on dealing with them as if they had legal rights. What is this anyway—Russia?"

I found myself wishing that he *did* own a string of newspapers and would be forced to decide on a policy that would make capital and labor at war love and cherish his name.

NOW the latest strike given considerable publicity in my newspaper further bears out the impossibility of the publisher's position when he is caught between the jaws of two unreasonable elements. The strike occurred at a munitions plant and more than ordinary ill-feeling resulted because a munitions strike during wartime placed the strikers in a bad light.

However, my paper observed such strict impartiality that a War Labor Board representative told one of our reporters that he had sent clippings from our paper to Washington because they gave such an accurate and impartial account of what had happened.

I considered this something of a bouquet for the paper and its policy of trying to steer a middle course when dealing with such subjects.

But did the company management and the strike leaders think so?

Not by a hell-of-a-sight! In fact, the last I heard the company's chief stockholders were denouncing the paper on the premise that it was in league with Moscow, while the strike leaders were moaning that they would have the paper boycotted by all organized labor in the area.

Sometimes I think that if I were a kingpin in the newspaper world I would launch a movement to have every paper in the country utterly ignore all capital-labor disputes and concentrate on love-lorn columns and comics.



## Called to Colors



**Lieut. Victor E. Bluedorn**

Victor E. Bluedorn, one of America's foremost young publishers, has been in the Army since last spring. He was attached to Co. D, 57th Infantry Training Battalion, Camp Wolters, Texas, until December, then sent to Fort Belvoir, Va., for officers' candidate school. He was commissioned a lieutenant recently.

As publisher of the Scott County Tribune, of Walcott, Iowa, Vic Bluedorn established an amazing publishing record. Walcott is a village of 398 persons, but the Scott County Tribune had a circulation of nearly 3,000, a staff of 12 full-time employees, and 31 correspondents.

Vic told the story of his experiences at the Des Moines convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and his remarks appeared in *The Quill* as an article in the June, 1941, issue. He is an alumnus of the Iowa State College chapter of the fraternity.

**LIEUT. HAL A. KLEINSCHMIDT** (Southern California '36) is officer in charge of the *McClellan Cycle*, camp newspaper published at Fort McClellan, Ala.

**JOHN T. BUCK** (Indiana '39) was graduated Dec. 31 from the U. S. Army Officers Training School at Fort Custer, Mich., and commissioned a Second Lieutenant.

**HAROLD RUBIN** (Louisiana State '42) entered Midshipmen's School at Columbia University in early December. Following his graduation from L. S. U., Rubin served as telegraph editor of the *Baton Rouge* (La.) *Morning Advocate*.

**CLAUDE O. BREWER** (Indiana '27), secretary-treasurer of Simmonds & Simmonds, Inc., Chicago advertising agency, since 1929, has been commissioned a lieutenant, junior grade, in the USNR and has reported at Hollywood, Fla.

Long active in affairs of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, Lieut. Brewer served as president of the Indiana University chapter, and was awarded one of the first national scholarship awards. He is a director of the Chicago Professional chapter of SDX. He was with the *Mobile* (Ala.) *Register* following graduation until he joined Simmonds and Simmonds, Inc.

THE QUILL for February, 1943

## SERVING UNCLE SAM

**WILLIAM R. KNOWLAND** (Stanford Professional), assistant publisher of the *Oakland* (Calif.) *Tribune*, who entered the Army under Selective Service last June, is now in Officers' Training Corps. Knowland advanced to sergeant before receiving his appointment to the school.

**ERNE HOBERECHT** (Oklahoma '41) has left the city desk of the *Memphis* (Tenn.) *Press-Scimitar* to take a job as a classified laborer with the Civil Service in the Navy Yards at Pearl Harbor.

The South Dakota State College chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, sends *THE QUILL* this list of its members now in the armed forces, with their addresses:

Lt. Raymond E. Abel (SDS-37), 140th Infantry, APO 35, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Lt. Donald W. Baddeley (SDS-40) 3rd Btn., 35d Infantry, APO 862, c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.  
 Lt. Marion R. Billings (SDS-41), S-2, 20th Infantry, APO 6, Nashville, Tenn.  
 Capt. Radie H. Bunn (SDS-38), 309 Inf. Regt., Camp Butner, N. C.  
 Lt. Alvin Coons (IA-32), AAF-Cable Section, 2205 Munitions Bldg., Washington, D. C.  
 Lt. Robert F. Delay (SDS-41), 20th Infantry, APO No. 6, Nashville, Tenn.  
 Jack U. Hagerty (SDS-40), Y 3/c, USN, Office of Naval Attache, United States Embassy, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.  
 Lt. Jack Hayes (SDS-40), Albuquerque Air Base, B. T. S., Albuquerque, N. M.  
 Lt. Carl Jensen (SDS-41), Co. B, 737th M. P. Btn., YMCA Bldg., Louisville, Ky.  
 Lt. LaVerne Maher (SDS-), 23rd Btn. 7th Regt., B. I. R. T. C., Fort McClellan, Ala.  
 Capt. Robert J. Oddy (SDS-40), U. S. Marine Corps, Unit No. 695, c/o P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

## Joins OWI Forces



**Charles L. Allen**

Mr. Allen, assistant dean and director of research at the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, has been granted a leave of absence by the university until next September to serve as chief of the rural press section news bureau of the Office of War Information. He has gone to Washington to take up his new duties. Allen will continue to serve as editor of the *National Publisher*, monthly publication of the National Editorial Association.

## "Glamorize" Gunners



**Lieut. Houlgate and Staff Sgt. George Dewey**

Turning out aerial gunners for those tail stinger, belly blister and waist turret on Flying Fortresses is the 24-hour-a-day job at the Army Gunnery School hard by the hard-bitten, neon-lighted, 24-hour-a-day city of Las Vegas, Nev. And detailed to tell the world all about the mass production of this new race of supermarksmen are two old readers of *The Quill*.

First Lieut. "Deke" Houlgate, Public Relations Officer of the post, and Staff Sergeant George Dewey, his "city editor-star reporter" are the loyal Sigma Delta Chi's who can qualify as "faithful subscriber" or "constant reader."

Lieut. Houlgate (Southern California '27) is nationally known for his football predictions and statistical ratings of leading grid teams, including the naming of a national champion each fall. He still retains his interest in the pigskin sport as publisher of a weekly tabloid newspaper devoted exclusively to the game and circulated widely throughout the West.

Sgt. Dewey is a graduate of Albion College, Michigan, and also attended the University of Iowa where he was inducted into Sigma Delta Chi early in 1940.

Pvt. Lyle E. Osberg (SDS-41), Co. H., 144th Inf., Petaluma, Calif.  
 1st Lt. Norman C. Rumble (SDS-37), 4204 Kaywood Drive, Mt. Ranier, Md.  
 Capt. Elmer Schmierer (SDS-38), Tactics Dept. T. D. School, Camp Hood, Texas.  
 Ensign Robert M. Smith (SDS-40), Room 213, Headquarters, 15th Naval Dist. Balboa, Canal Zone.  
 Carl W. W. Sorenson (SDS-42), Ensign, USNR, 202 Prince George St., Annapolis, Md.  
 O. C. Woodrow P. Wentzy (SDS-38), Squadron 36, 1942-F, Liberty Arms Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla.  
 Cand. Anson A. Yeager, 37124717 (SDS-40) O/C 149, 4th Platoon, 8th Co., 3 STR, Fort Benning, Ga.

CLIFFORD P. MOREHOUSE (Marquette Professional) has been given a leave of absence as editor of *The Living Church*, Episcopal weekly of Milwaukee, Wis., to serve as first lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps. He is assigned to Marine Corps headquarters in Washington, D. C., as assistant editor of the *Marine Corps Gazette*. He expects to be joined by his wife and three children about March 1st, and they will be living at 2326 S. Joyce St., Arlington, Va.

## Wear Your SDX Emblem

It's a symbol of distinction in your daily associations—whether it be the badge, key, or the handsome ring illustrated here.



Offered in gold or sterling, with plain, enameled or onyx top, the ring is priced from \$6.50 to \$18.00, plus Federal 10% tax.

Badge—\$5.00; Key—\$6.00. Add Federal 10% tax.

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## AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

slipped past the proofreaders at the printer's, and again side-stepped R.L.P. when page proof was read.

But it didn't get by a lot of eagle-eyed QUILL readers—those same eagle-eyed gents who so quickly spot typos that now and then bob up in this most assiduously copyread and proofread publication!

**S**PEAKING of typos, did it ever occur to you that editing THE QUILL, or any other journalistic publication, is to edit for one of the most observing, keen-eyed collection of readers there could possibly be?

Put yourself in the QUILL seat for a moment. You know that you are trying to find articles and material that will interest men and women, more than 6,000 of them (adv.), in every field of journalism. Moreover, you know they will spot sloppy writing, sloppy editing and sloppy proofreading quicker than any other group of readers in the world.

You know it's their business to spot mistakes, errors and typos—that typos stick out like beacons to them. So you try to do an unusually careful job of editing and proofreading because you realize you are going before a jury of your peers every month.

So you pore over proofs late at night, your eyes protesting more and more all the while, hoping and praying no bad ones will get past you this month. But they quite often do!

Your only consolation is "Let him with-out typos of his own cast or sling the first slug!"

**T**HERE have been so many splendid stories written by newspapermen covering World War II that one hesitates to single out any one for commendation—yet now and then there comes a story so outstanding you simply have to say something about it.

Such a story was the dispatch by George Weller, of the Chicago Daily News service, some weeks ago in which he related how an emergency operation had been performed to remove the appendix of a seaman aboard a submerged submarine "Somewhere in the South Pacific." The operation was performed by a 23-year-old pharmacist's mate who had witnessed two such operations but never had operated.

It was a case where the seaman faced almost certain death if the appendix burst. He had a chance—perhaps a slim chance, but still a chance—if the operation were performed.

All sorts of makeshift preparations were made for the operation—such as making an ether mask out of an inverted tea-strainer and gauze; bent spoons for retractors and alcohol from a torpedo mechanism for sterilization. The operation was successful and the seaman returned to duty 13 days later.

If we had the room in THE QUILL we'd

certainly reprint Weller's story of that ordeal beneath the surface—it is one of the best newsstories we've read anywhere, any time, on any subject. It may not win Sigma Delta Chi's Distinguished Service Award or the Pulitzer Prize—but it certainly deserves some sort of recognition.

Perhaps it will be included in some future anthology of outstanding stories of World War II. We hope so—it should be preserved as an example of what reporting can and should be. If you missed the story when it first appeared—we saw it in the Detroit News of Dec. 14—try to locate it if you are interested in good writing.

## Changes Effectuated at Michigan State

East Lansing, Mich.—Establishment of the departments of Journalism and Publications as two separate units of Michigan State College became effective Jan. 1.

Heading the Department of Journalism is Prof. A. A. Applegate, formerly in charge of the combined journalism-publications set-up, and in charge of the Department of Publications is Lloyd H. Geil, former associate professor of journalism. Geil's duties will include all phases of the College's public relations program.

Prof. Applegate has been connected with Michigan State College since 1936, and came to Michigan from Brookings, S. D., where he was in charge of journalism and publications at South Dakota State College. Previous to that time, he had been engaged in newspaper work and education in several western and mid-western states. He is a native of Illinois, and obtained his college education at the University of Illinois and the University of Montana.

Prof. Geil came to the college in the fall of 1935 from an Aurora, Ill., high school where he was journalism instructor and supervisor of publications. His experience includes high school teaching, commercial sales work, and newspaper work. In addition, he has directed investigative studies in central Michigan for several national advertising agencies. His work at Michigan State College has included teaching, supervising student publications, editing the alumni magazine, *The Michigan State College Record*, and conducting several regularly scheduled radio programs. His college education was obtained at North Central College, Northwestern University, University of Chicago, and the University of Michigan.

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CHARLES DILLON, 72 years old, retired newspaperman and professional member of the Kansas State chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, died Aug. 16 at Sausalito, Calif., where he had been making his home.

Mr. Dillon was on the Los Angeles Times' staff in the '90s, and was for many years professor of journalism at Kansas State College. He returned to California in 1931 as a magazine editor, and lectured in the journalism department of the University of Southern California for a year. He leaves his widow and two sons, one of whom is in the Navy.

THE QUILL for February, 1943



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